and consideration of the second

"Gentlemen," began the fat man as | he finished reading his letter and put been there—been there!" grouned the it away in his pocket. "I hold that it is man with the lop-shoulder. "I injured almost a husband's duty to lie to his this shoulder by falling from a tree, but wife more or less, but I started out by my wife thinks it was hit by a bomb-telling a lie which seems bound to fol- shell, and she has made my life miserlow me to my grave and hang over my tombstone after death. My case ought to be a warning to all men who contemplate marriage and lying."

"You see," he continued, when motioned to go ahead with his story, "I was only 14 years old when the civil of the most gigantic lying the human war closed. Ten years later I fell in tongue is capable of. For a day or two love and got married. While I was I thought I'd have to commit suicide courting I discovered that the girl had to get out of it. The party finally put a great admiration for the men who had fought and bled for the union, and of modesty,' as the papers put it, in a thoughtless moment I claimed to brought me more trouble. They wanthave seen two years' service in the ed to publish my army record, and I was army. I was also ass enough to men- harassed and hounded until I packed tion that I had been wounded in the my grip and went off to the woods for leg. Also, that I went in as a private a month. While I was gone my wife and came out as a captain. I thought tried to find my papers, and she actual-I might as well go the whole hog while | ly sent two old mortgages and a bill of I was about it, you know. I was a hero in the girl's eyes at once, and she hadn't called me 'captain' over a dozen times before we got engaged."

"By George! By George!" whispered the bald-headed man as he slapped his

"What's the matter with you?" "It is the curious coincidence. I start-

"Well, after I had named my regiment and all that I couldn't go back on my story, of course," resumed the fat man. "I had to go at it and read war before we were married I had been

"I can realize the position, for I have

served the fat man as he looked about with more heart, "for I supposed I was suffering alone. I had to stop that political move, of course, and it took some up another candidate, but my 'unheard sale to one of the newspapers to dig

"I've got it, too!" replied the baldheaded man. "And I!" added added the lop-shoul-

"One of the times I wanted to murder my wife," continued the fat man after he had recovered, "was when she

arranged for me to deliver a war talk for the benefit of orphans of veterans. Yes, sir, she had it all fixed before she let on to me, and one of the incidents of being hit in battle! I had the old scar



NEVER COULD TELL WHEN I MIGHT MAKE A SLIP.

the papers referred to me as 'the battle- tle wound. When I heard what she scarred Capt. Blank,' and the first had done I almost fainted away, and thing that came around was an invita-tion to join a grand army post. I'll fall dangerously ill. It was lucky for bet I have told a million lies to keep me that I didn't show up. There were out of that trap, and if I live five years | 250 veterans present at that meeting. | longer I'll have to tell a million more. | My illness had just permitted me to get To join a post, or, rather, to fill out an out doors when I met an old goldier, "Lord! Lord! But how very, very "Say,

queer!" whispered the man with the big watch chain. "Is it another curious coincidence?

grimly asked the fat man. "It is, sir-it is! Yes, I have been ly-

ing about the very same thing for the last 30 years!"

"I tried to call a halt on my dear little wife," said the fat man in a voice of sorrow, "but she wouldn't have it She just wanted all the world to know that I was a wounded hero and denerving of public recognition, and she insisted that everybody call me 'captain.' I couldn't move out of my own gate without bumping up against # genuine old soldier, and I couldn't walk two blocks with one of 'em without his

" 'Let's see, captain? What regiment were you in?"

'The Seventh-'

"'Oh, yes. And what battles were "Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericks

burg. Chancellorsville, eGttysburg and the Wilderness.'

"'And you were wounded?" "'In the leg."

"I'd read up on the war, and particularly on the record of the Seventh," explained the fat man, "but I never could tell when I might make a slip. When a stood on my dignity. I picked out my fellow got after me I had to bluff him off by telling new lies, and if any of said dat ef dey wouldn' let me vote foh you folks think that I enjoyed it, you him I wouldn't vote foh nobody."are greatly mistaken. When I have had | Washington Star. to sit down with five or six old vets at the club, I've had my hair on end for a full hour at a time."

the lop-shouldered man as he mopped his brow with his newspaper. Say, maybe you are one of

asked the fat man. "Yes-just so. Yes, I have also lied

about my war record, but I supposed I was all alone in it." "I used to tell my wife that I had no

army record to boast of, and that thousands of others were more entitled to praise and admiration, but you know how wives are about a husband's reputation. She kept piling it on, and she kept making matters worse for me. It was through her talk more than anything else that our party in the Fifth ward finally decided to nominate me for aldermanic honors. They knew I was a modest and retiring man, and they kept the thing quiet until ready to that wife of mine proudly laid the morning paper before me. The item morning paper before me. was of course headed: 'Honor to a Wounded Veteran,' and it went on to may that I had lost gallons and gallons of blood in putting down the rebellion, and that full particulars of my gallant record would soon be published as a contrast to the stay-at-home record of the opposing candidate."

"By George!" whispered the baldaded man as the sweat started on his

"You don't say?" hoursely exclaimed the man with the big watch chain.

able for a quarter of a century!" "I'm glad to hear these things," ob-

facts out of! Gentlemen, excuse this perspiration, but it will flow!"

dered man.

history and post myself. The girl told the 'talk' was to exhibit the wound on everybody I had been a hero, and even my leg and describe the sensations of



'Say, captain, I wish that galoot had showed up at the orphans' entertainment. I understand he claims that the Seventh was at Antietam and Chancellorsville. He's a plumb liar about that, and there was no captain of company D who rose from the ranks. If we get hold of him we'll make him own up that he's a liar and a duffer!"

"That's my case, gentlemen," said the fat man as he held out his hands in a helpless way. "I began by lying, and I'm still obliged to keep it up. I shall have to lie myself into the grave. I must lie to my wife, my children, my nieces nephews and grandchildren. I must lie to all my friends outside. hadn't been for the war with Spain things might have quieted down, but the war came, and there was need of new lies, and only this morning I had to tell a minister of the gospel that but for my wound I should have led a regiment up the hill at Santiago. Lord! Lord! but why did I ever start in to

"But why!" grouned the other three in chorus as they mopped away.

No Trouble.

"Did you have any trouble about you vote while you were at home? "No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus canerdate and when de 'spute stahted I

Inharmonious After All. "No, we couldn't agree," sighed the

"Is it possible—is it possible?" gasped | man. "I said I wasn't worthy of her, and she said I was. For the sake of harmony I yielded my opinion and said I was worthy of her, and she, not to be outdone in generosity, I suppose, yielded her opinion and said I wasn't."-Detroit Journal.

Where the Work Comes In

"It seems a trifle strange," remarked the funny man, "that you pseachers, er used to do." O, well, she wasn't who always object to Sunday labor, are obliged to do your hardest work on until at length her time had come to

"You are mistaken," replied the preacher. "We always collect our sal- through and through, she turned him aries on week days."-N. Y. Journal.

To Marry for Love.

"I am not mercenary," she asserted. "I shall marry for love and not for money. But," she added, a moment nominate. The first I knew was when later, "I shall take precious good care never to love a poor man." - Chicago Post.

> More Than He Expected. "Scribbler has had a story accepted at last."

> "Is it possible?" "Yes. He went home late last night with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Convenient Arrangement. A .- It is when a man is in trouble that he knows the value of a wife. B .- Yes; he can put all his property in her name.-Tit-lits,

M QUAD'S -05+05+05+05+05+05+05+05+05+05+05+

IT WAS A PICNIC.

First came a farmer's wagon with one man driving and two others lying on the straw at full length. Then there was a man on foot with his right sym in a sling, a second pedestrian limping badly, and another wagon with three men on the straw. These had passed when a bare-headed woman hove in light. She was walking rapidly and looking neither to the right nor to the left, and was followed at a little distance by a man with a double-barreled shotgun over his shoulder. He had one band tied up in a handkerchief, and the blood stains showed that he had been hurt. The colonel descended the steps hand to the man and said:

"My friend, there seems to have been trouble somewhere down the road." "Yes, a little serimmage over at Gordon's Grove," answered the man.

didn't amount to much. Here you,

"Mariar" was the woman shead of him, evidently his wife, but she continued her pace without looking back. "What was it at Gordon's Grove?" asked the colonel.

have one there every year, you know." call it?"

"There was. Had to be one, sah, without a scrimmage. Yes, sah, had a right smart scrimmage." "And there was shooting?"

"Fur such. Can't have no scrimmage shootin'-heaps of it."

"Lord! Lord! You had a Sunday school pienic and shot at each other!" gasped the colonel. "Some one must ave been killed."

"Of co'se." "And I have seen four or five woundd men pass here."

om Pool all left befo' I did."

t as time to go home, and so we start-

"But I can't understand it, man-I an't understand it," continued the olonel, as he threw up his hands. "You assemble for a Sunday school picnic. You begin to shoot. You—you—"

"It's jest as easy as rubbin' coon's fat on a sore heel," interrupted the nan, as a smile lighted his face. "We issemble for a Sunday school pienic. Md man Aaron Sykes was there; young l'ete Hendricks was there. They glared at each other and called names. Then they began shootin'. Then Aaron's friends mixed in, and Pete's friends mixed in, and everybody had a high old ie. Some got killed, some got hurt, and some got away, and there you are. Can't be no trouble to understand that.'

"But it was a Sunday school picnic!" houted the colonel.

"Of co'se. Don't reckon a can do all our shootin' at church and camp-meetn's, do you? Yes, it was a Sunday school picnic, and some got killed, some got hurt, and some got away; and now I reckon I'd better be movin' along arter Mariar, and get this hole in my paw plugged ug

"The New York and Chicago cab-

drivers ought to take a few from the French, and particularly the Parisians," observed the Cincinnati woman who had just returned from Europe. "I had been shopping and took a flacre to return to the hotel. We had scarcely gotten under way when we knocked down a pedestrian and I pulled the strap and said to the driver:

" Did you not see that you ran over a man?'

"'Very plainly, madame,' he replied but he should not have been in my

"Five minutes later a hind wheel

came off, and I pulled the strap and that you have lost a wheel?"

"I see, madame,' he replied, 'but we terial.

pulled the strap and said:

'We have lost both hind wheels.' "'Ah! yes, madame,' he answered, with a smile; 'but we have not lost

And he whipped up his horses and lragged along for a quarter of a mile and brought me up to the hotel with a reat flourish. When I got out I asked him what he would have done if the other two wheels had parted company, and he waved his hand towards them and shrugged his shoulders and re-

"'It is impossible, madame. I never lost but two wheels in carrying a beautiful lady!"

Imitated His Mother.

the biscuit like "his mother used to by two or three inches .- N. Y. Post. make," She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make the stew; and she didn't mend his stockings "as his mothperfect, but she tried to do her best, have a little rest; so when one day he growled and whined the whole day up and fanned his pants "as mother used to do."-Glasgow Echo.

Alternative Hypotheses, "I love you," he whispered.

Ernestine trembled, and regarded him perplexedly. "Do my ears deceive me?" she asked

"Or does my complexion dehefself. ceive him?" For it was her misfortune to lack confidence in herself .- Detroit Journal.

An Exception. Mother (hearing Ethel say her

Ethel-I'll not pray for aunty to live o a old age.

Mother (astounded)-Why? and care must be taken that runs of Ethel-'Cause she's ashamed of her sealing hermetically. age now.-Puck



AN EXCELLENT CAKE.

It Is Called the Gold Lonf and Has Few Equals as a Dainty Summer Deliency.

This is a moist, delicate cake, and is made with sour milk, which renders it very tender. At this season of the year, when milk is beginning to sour easily, it is well to have a variety of ways in which to use it. If it is left long, as everyone knows, it will become unfit for use, except for swill. To make this of the hotel veranda and held up his cake mix two cups of sugar and one cup of butter. Stir in the yolks of four eggs, and beat well. Add a cupful of sour milk-milk that is turned to a solid curd, with a good proportion of whey. Milk that is just turned, or very sour "You seem to have been hurt?" but not firm, should not be used. Stir "Yes, got shot in the hand, though it the mixture thoroughly. In another cake bowl sift four cupfuls of pastry flour (bread flour will do, however) and an even teaspoonful of soda. It is bet ter for cake to sift the flour and soda together several times. Stir the other ingredients gradually into the flour and soda, being careful to avoid having "Oh, jest a Sunday school pienic. We lumps in the batter. When well beaten add the whites of the four eggs of which "And there was a scrimmage, as you the yolks have already been used. The whites should be beaten to a very stiff froth before they are put into the bat-Never had no Sunday school picule yet | ter. This cake is delicious, even without raisins or citron. It makes a handsome, rich cake, however, for a birthday party if thin slices of citronenough to suit the taste-and about a without shootin'. Yes, sah, there was cupful of raisins are added. The raisins should be washed, stoned and dipped in floor before stirring them into the batter. Flouring them lightly prevents sinking to the bottom of the cake. Turn the dough into a very large, round loaf tin, or two smaller ones, well greased. Bake this cake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes, being careful not to "Reckon you have, sah. Joe Bailey let it full by carelessly opening the and Jim White and Henry Davis and oven door too wide, or jamming it in oven door too wide, or jamming it in any way. It is very nice when made "And how many were killed?"

"Didn't count 'em, sab. When I got raisins and citron, of course. Ice the bullet in my hand Mariar reckoned little cake all over with chocolate icing or with a heavy white icing,-N. Y.

THE NEW CHEMISETTE.

Tribune.

Something About the Mannish Little Vest Which Is Worn with the Summer Jacket.

Summer chemisettes, to the delight of the sumemr girl and despair of the laundress, are very elaborate this year, and are developed in every imaginable material.

A very stylish mode has the bosom of plain linen with sides of Scotch madras. For outing wear too much cannot be said in commendation of the little chemisette. The neck is finished with



a neat, linen collar, pointed at the ends "'Why don't you stop? Can't you see and the collar in turn is finished with a narrow tie and bow of washable ma-

minutes," said the lady, "and then the other wheel came off. I thought the toned under an Eton or tell man would stop then but on the companion of the chemisette;

For Stout Women, It has often been urged, but it seem well to emphasize by much repetition that women of generous proportions

bould invariably renounce all of these round waisted styles, no matter how beautiful they appear on some other the goblets of Venetian crystal. slenderer figure, or how universally the rage for them increases. Adopting these waists is not a matter of age for the young, the mature and the elderly find them comfortable and useful. It is simply a matter of figure, and, for women inclined to stoutness, there are many close, trim and attractive models which make them look better and slenderer than any of the "round" styles, festooned with net, draped with lace, and finished with He criticised her pudding and he circling ribbon, bells and bows, which on to this and leave it till set, then serve lidn't like her cake; she hadn't made cut off the apparent length of the waist

How to Make Ice Cream

Where cream alone is used in making Ice cream one-half or one-third of the quantity used should be scalded, the sugar dissolved in the scalded portion, and when cool added to the remaining quantity of cream. When cream is not obtainable, milk may be used enriched by the yolks of eggs, allowing four to each quart of milk. Scald the milk in a double boller; beat the eggs and sugar together; add to the hot milk, cook for a moment, then strain into the ice cream mold and freeze.-Ladies' Home Jour-

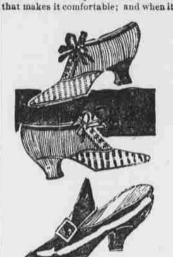
To Sterilize Jars and Tops Wash jars thoroughly and fill with cold water. Place in a large vessel with straw to keep them from touching the bottom of kettle; surround with cold water. Heat gradually to boiling point; remove from water; empty and fill with orayers)-And let us all live to a good fruit while hat. Place the covers in boding water five minutes. Dip rubber bands in but do not allow them to stund. New rubbers should be used every year

FASHIONABLE SHOES.

of the Styles of Footwear One Sees at the Swell Senside Summer Resorts.

Slowly, but with undeniable sureness the plain leather shoe is being ousted from its high place as a feature of fashonable footwear. The fancy tie, conspicuous for its originality, and admired for its becomingness is taking its place. And though revolutions in footwear are accomplished without the aid of logic, the fancy tie has many points in its favor.

It is made mostly of cloth materials:



matches the gown there is at least a shade of opportunity for the home made product and the saving of a shoe maker's bill.

Ties are extensively trimmed with ribbons this year. A novel black satin design was stitched in white gros grain silk ribbon, and the effect was indeed charming. The tongue was slipped through a silver buckle and was so deep as to completely cover the instep.

Another pretty tie has a vamp of white suede stripped with very narrow bands of black cloth. The laces are of ribbon and the back of the shoe is

made of black and white striped felt. The third design is developed in embossed felt with blue figures upon it. Long strings of blue silk are tied in a full bow, and very fastidious women have the eyelets in their shoes made of solid gold and silver.

AMERICA FOR BOYS.

New York Woman Gives Some Excellent Reasons for Not Educating Her Son in Europe.

"I have come home solely on account of my boy," said a New York widow of moderate means, who to the astonishment of her friends suddenly reap peared in America after a prolonged

residence in Europe. "As far as I am concerned, I am much more comfortable abroad, where my little income goes twice as far and life is much easier. The girls, too, I can edneate cheaper and better on the other side, but there is no doubt about it. American boys should be educated at home in order to be successful men in their own savarry. I have watched the results quite closely, and in nine cases out or .en it is like fitting a square patch to a round hole when they come home and go to work. For young men of property who intend living a life of leisure it is all well enough, but for those who have their own way to make it is, in my opinion, a fatal mistake to educate them there. They lose the power of assimiliating themselves, so to speak, and, what is more, they form no early friendships with their own countrymen. So, after thinking it over, I made up my mind that my boy's feture was worth a sacrifice, and here I am, although it means to me skimping and striving in New York, when I might be living in ease and plenty on the conti-

"I shall send my boy to a good boarding school and afterward to a home college, and I shall then feel I have done my best for him,"-N. Y. Press.

Artistic Supery. hem to gratify their exclusive tastes have pet patterns for their damask covrings as they have favorite flowers.

Lady Randolph Churchill is as sensitive to artistic napery as to a good litcrature or a beautiful picture; and a deign of small wreaths scattered thickly wer linen of the most exquisite texture sthe distinguishing feature of her diner cloths. Another American woman n England has succumbed to the quesionable fashion of associating satins and ribbons with culinary matters, and onsiders the silken sheen of valuable inen, woven with graceful, spreading fern leaves in natural sizes quite worthy her dinner service of gold and

Try Oranges This Way. Mix together the juice of half a dozen arge, ripe oranges, the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, a pint of cream-or new milk-four ounces of sugar, and a grate of nutmeg. Stir all over a slow fire until it thickens, then add a small piece of fresh butter. Have ready a glass dish lined with sponge cake slighty soaked in a little brandy, sherry or iquor sirup. Pour the cooling mixture garnished with whipped cream.

Apple Sauce with Cloves, Pare one dozen apples, cut into quarers and remove the cores. To them add about a dozen cloves and a cup of boiling water. Cook over a hot fire until the quarters begin to break in pieces, then remove the cloves and press the apples through a sieve. Return the pulp to the fire with one cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of butter and stir and cook until the sauce boils throughout.

Mix one pound of grated carrots, three-quarters of a pound of chopped suet, half pound each of raisins and currants, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, eight teaspooutuls of sugar, eight tablespoonfuls of flour and spices to taste. Boil for four hours, then bake in the

oven for 20 minutes and serve with

sauce.

English Carrot Pudding.

Cleaning Frail Laces. Delicate white laces may be cleaned by laying them smooth on wrapping paper and covering them with magne sia; put another paper over this and place them between the leaves of a book for several days. Brush out the covers are not hurt, as that prevents white powder and the lace will be found to be as freah as when new.

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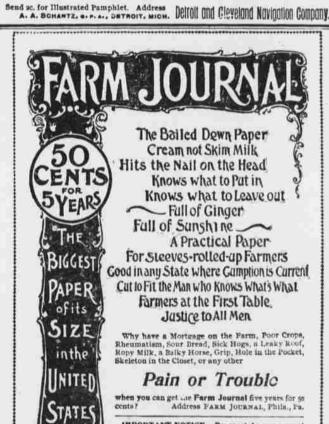
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